

ENGLANDS  
WEDDING  
GARMENT.

Or

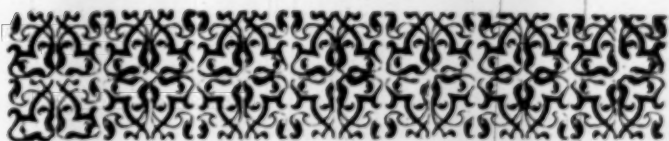
A preparation to King *JAMES* his  
Royall Coronation.

*Aspice venturo latentur ut omnia seculo.*



Imprinted at London for *Tho-*  
*mas Pawley*. 1603.





*Englands wedding garment, or a  
preparation to King James his  
Coronation.*



Ease sad laments, King *Brutus* race,  
Deplore no more your blessed Queene,  
Salute your spring-tide welcome King,  
She dwels where ioyes are euer seene.

When good *Eliza* liu'd, her winged  
Fame from earth did mount on hie:  
Now she is deade, her heauen-borne soule,  
Is soar'd aloft aboute the skie.

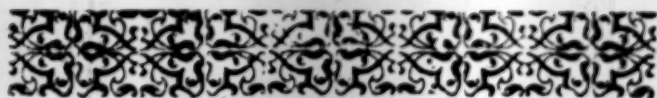
Scarce had the dolefull bell rung out,  
Our Queene *Elizae*s mournesfull knell,  
But Prince-borne *James* our King proclaim'd,  
Our feare soone past, and all was well.

God saue King *James*, glad English crie,  
Let Scots the like and Irish say,  
His glory shine as beamed sunne,  
Whilst starrie night succeedeth day.

A 2

We





*Englands wedding garment.*

We lost a pearlesse pearle, but we  
A Iem of price haue got againe,  
Of much more worth then can be found,  
In Golden mine, or Ocean maine.

Spring *England* still with budding peace,  
For thou art blest with peacefull King,  
God saue his Grace, let voyces chaunt,  
Let Trumpets sound, and Belles out ring.

In Spring of Infant age, Prince *James*  
Of Scots was croun'd their King,  
In Spring of yeare he comes to vs,  
When birds their merrie carrols sing.

What doth the springing yeare ptesage,  
But that our Spring proclaimed King:  
Will store of sommer-fruites, to vs  
Of blissfull peace and plentie bring.

Oh mightie Ioue, with dazled eyes,  
We may admire thy workes of wonder:  
Our Sunne begins to shine, when we  
Dread winter stormes and cracks of thunder.

When





*Englands wedding Garment.*

When faire *Eliza* di'de, *Apollo*  
Cought his golden tress'd head :  
When commons cri'd, God saue the King,  
His goldie-lockes abroad he spread.

As thicke as Bees in sommer swarme,  
Or Blossomes hang on blooming tree :  
So thicke likewise great troupes will runne,  
Thy royall crowning day to see.

*Eliza* whilome was, but now  
King *James* is *Englands* cheefest ioy,  
*Ioues* winged guard his throne attend,  
And him defend from all anoy.

What newes said one ? sad newes said some,  
Our Queene is sicke, our Queene is dead:  
Alas, said all true English harts,  
Then *Englands* ioy from vs is fled.

But when the bright resplendant sunne,  
Had chast these darke some cloudes away,  
We cri'd aloud, God saue our King,  
Oh blessed time, thrise happy day.

A 3

The





*Englands wedding garment.*

The Red Rose and the White doe now,  
And still we hope shall flourish long,  
And rare exploités of *Henries* race,  
for euer grace our Britaine song.

The English, Scots, and Irish true,  
Of three are now combin'd in one,  
Their hartes a true loue knot fast knit,  
All former malice now is gone.

As visage and the phrase of tounge,  
Twixt Scots and English neere agree,  
So guider of all hartes, their hartes  
Conioyne, that loyall they may bee.

You rebell Irish rout, sheath vp  
Your blades, shed teares, for mercie sue:  
Your gracefull King will graunt you grace,  
So you to him proue iust and true.

Our friends are glad, our foes now feare,  
The Orphant smile, and widdow sing:  
That after sweete *Elizæa*s death,  
We haue so wise, so kinde a King.

The







*Englands wedding garment.*

The Scholer and the Souldier sing,  
The weaned childe, the beldam olde,  
The Cittie sing, and Countrie both:  
our eares may heare, our eyes beholde.

Our Gallant Peeres, our Court, our Church,  
In sweetest harmonie doe sing,  
Accenting loud with ayrie notes,  
God save our wise, and learned King,

The Scottish Ile doth streame with teares,  
Shed forth for absence of her King,  
The bankes of English Ile for ioy,  
With Echoes sounding loud shall ring.

Beglad thou Scottish Ile, thy king  
A mightie Monarch is become,  
For faire *Eliza* now is dead,  
And he enioyes her Regall roome.

The beames of his reflecting eye,  
Shall beate vpon thy Northren coast,  
And if at neede thou call his aide,  
Thy King will ride to thee in poast.





*Englands wedding garment.*

Let Spaine spight *England* still, *Infants*  
Fume, proud Pope with furie swell,  
Their boasting threatens are windie wordes,  
Their deedes are bred in damned hell.

The hellish brood of damned crue,  
Whom Babel-Rome with poyson fed,  
Did often plot, (but God said no)  
To cut *Elizae*s vitall thred.

But in despight of Pope and Spaine,  
Her houred glasse did all out runne,  
And she gan quietly fall on sleepe  
In peace, when her due time was come.

What traitor plots thou hast escapt,  
My hart doth sigh when tounge doth tell,  
Black poyson and the murdering knife,  
Contriu'd by Haggas of darke st hell.

Thus *Ioue* from heauen high did speake,  
Touch not my King, let him alone:  
For he full many yeares in peace,  
Shall sit vpon *Elizae*s throne.

The







*Englands wedding garment.*

The Popish hoped day of glee,  
To them is turn'd a mourning day :  
God graunt their follie they may see,  
And seeing shun their owne decay.

The Pope may feare, his chaire doth reele,  
Although he brag with tripple crowne,  
An English Lion comes ere long,  
By force to pull him head-long downe.

Who doubts that reades thy holy booke,  
Compos'd by heau'n inspired skill :  
But that thy Lion tribe the ten—  
Horn'd beast of Babel-Rome shall kill.

A patron stout of Christian faith,  
Shall sway the Scepter of this Ile :  
When he was borne to be our Lord,  
The earth, the skie, and fates did smile.

This five and fortie yeares, *Eliza*  
hath our soules with *Manna* fed,  
Most happie thrife are we, that still  
Shall feede vpon this sacred bread.

B.

Our





*Englands wedding garment.*

Our golden-age is not yet out  
Of date, our God yet loue vs will,  
His holy arch is not remou'd,  
His mercie seate is with vs still.

Now welcome King, thy subiects long,  
did wish to see thy princely face,  
That they might crie, as they were wont  
To doe, God saue your royall grace.

Thy London streetes, thy *Caesar* towre,  
Thy arched bridge doth Ecchoes sing,  
And pearce the clouds with crying loud,  
God saue, God saue our welcome King.

Now boyes and girles, both bond and free,  
With glad some tongues together say,  
Oh happie we, that liue to see,  
King *James* his royall crowning day.

Let vs applaud with clapping hands,  
And crying loud, God saue our King:  
That earth and ayre for ioyfull noise,  
with Ecchoes chaunting loud may ring.

Since





*Englands wedding Garment.*

Since thou wert Englands King proclaim'd,  
When comes the King hath beene our long?  
Now we reioyce to see thy face,  
Whom we desir'd to see so long.

God blesse thy state, thy royall seed,  
Thy Princes-borne & famous Queene;  
*Jehouah* graunt all flourish still,  
Like Cedar and the Laurell greene.

Let pleasant May and summer dayes,  
Continue still your derring-life:  
Let fruitfull peace, and plentie great,  
In English, Scottish Ile be rise.

Of late on shaddow we did gaze,  
And that did please our eye-sight well,  
But now thy substance we may see,  
What tounge our present ioy may tell.

As thirstie soule desireth drinke,  
Or hunger staru'd some wholesome food,  
So glad are we to greete our King,  
The Anchor hope of Englands good.

B 2

And





*Englands wedding garment.*

And blessed thrife are we by King,  
Who is no childe, not aged olde,  
But fuch a one, as can the Helme,  
Of publique wealth both guide & hold.

Cast of your Sable mourning weedes,  
Cease sorrow, sighes, and sobs away,  
Adorne your selues with coloures braue,  
For this is Englands bridall day.

Spare now no cost, let angels flie,  
As Hearaulds of your in-bread ioy,  
Our *Cesar* now to London's come,  
Who will vs shield from all anoy.

English, French, the Dutch, and Tulcan  
Braue, triumph for Englands King,  
Let true loue set your hartes on fire,  
Prepare rich presents for to bring.

Beare Oliue branches in your handes,  
Adorne your heads with Laurell greene:  
Adore your *Salomon* of peace,  
Such golden dayes were neuer seene.

Let





*Englands wedding garment.*

Let Pageants gay, let gallant shewes,  
Shew forth your unconceiued glee,  
That foueraigne Lord, by outward signes,  
Your inward loyall hearts may see.

Perfume the ayre with odors sweete,  
Prepare rich vnguent for your King,  
Let musicke sweete sound in your streete,  
And voices *Halleluiah* sing.

Sound Lute, sound Harpe, let Organes sound,  
Your houses deck with rich aray:  
Strew paved streetes with Roses sweete,  
To beautifie King *James* his day.

Let snow-white swans in *Thamesis*,  
Let birds in cages sweetely sing,  
Let Artistes learne them now to speake,  
That they may say, God saue the king.

Let conduit-pipes gush forth with wine,  
That causeth mirth, and cureth care,  
For Prince of peace is safely come,  
Our foes are sicke with deadly feare.

B 3

When





*Englands wedding garment.*

When royall crowne of Maiden Queene,  
Shall circle round thy sacred head,  
Great mirth and ioy our harts shall fill,  
Our grieſe intoomb'd in *Lethæan* bed.

The rich reioyce, the poore are glad,  
The young and old with ioy abound,  
Because they liue to ſee the day,  
Wherein king *James* our king is crown'd,

Now milke and hony in our land  
Shall flow: no cauſe of ſorrow found,  
The virgin pure and wedded wife,  
With tounge their hartie ioy ſhall ſound.

Let Angels ſtill ſupport thy throne,  
Let Ioue protect thee with his wing,  
So mirth our harts and mouth ſhall fill,  
Our tounge ſtill *Halleluah* ſing.

*Tempora ſælicis ſuperos concedere vita  
Regi, Regina, tum ſobiltque precor.*

*FIN IS.*





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